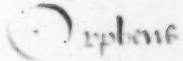
Heire begynnis the traitie of Orpheus kyng and
how he yeid to hewyn to hel to seik his quene And
ane ochir ballad in the lattir end.



The nobilnes and grete magnificence
Off prince or lord quha list to magnify
His grete ancestir and linyall dessense
Suld first extoll and his genology
So that his hert he myght enclyne thare by
The more/to vertu/and to Worthynes
Her and reherse his eldirs gentilnes

Jt is contrair the lawis of nature
A gentill man tobe degenerate
Noucht folowing of his progenitoure
The Worthy reule/and the lordly estate
A ryall renk for to be rusticate
Js bot a monster in compilon
Had in despyte/and foule derision

Jlay this be the grete lordis of grewe
Quhilk sett thair hert/and all thair hale curage
Thair fadirs steppis ruthly to persewe
Eftir the Worschip of thair hye lynage
The ancient and sad Wyse men of age
War tendouris to the yong and insolent
To mak thame in all vertu excellent

Lyke as a strand of Water or a spring
Haldis the lapour of his fontall well
So did in grece ilk lord, and Worthy king,
Off forebearis thay tuke tarage and smell
Amang the quhilk of ane Jthink to tell
Bot first his gentill generation
Jsall reherse With youre correction

Apon the mountane of Elicone

The moſt famouſe of all Arabia
A godeſſe duelt excellent of beautee
Gentil of blude callit memoria,
Quhilk iupiter that god to Wyf can ta
And carnaly hir kneW, quhilk eſtir ſyne
Apon a day bare hym fair douchtis nyne,

The firſt in greW Was callit Eutpe,
In oure lang age gude dilectatiouñ
the ſecund maide namyt melpomene
As hony ſuete in modulatiouñ
Terſitor quhilk is gude inſtructiouñ
Of eWiry thing the thrid ſiſter I Wis
Thus out of greWe in latyne tranſlate is

Caliope that maidyn mwailus
the ferde ſiſter of all muſilk maiſtreſſe
And moder to the king ſir Orpheus
Quhilk throu his Wyf Was eftir king of trace
Cleo the fyft that noW is a goddeſſe
In latyne callit meditatiouñ
Of eWiry thing that has creatiouñ

The ſext lady Was callit herato
Quhilk dra Wis lytte to lytte in eWiry thing.
The ſeuynt lady Was fair pollympo
Quhilk coud a thouſand ſangis ſuetly ſyng
thelya ſyne quhilk can oure ſaulis bring
To profund Wit and grete agilitee,
To vnderſtand, and haue capacitee

Wrany a the ix, and laſt of all
In oure langage quha coud it Wele expound

To mend my murnyng and my dery mone
Thou geve me force that I noucht faynt nor fall
Quhill I hir fynd for ſeke hir ſuth I ſall
And nouthir ſtynt nor ſtand for ſtok no ſtone
Throu thy god hede gyde me quhare ſcho is gone
Ger hir appere/and put my hert in pes
thus king orpheus With his harp allone
Sore wepit for his Wyf Eridices

Quhen endit Was the langis lamentable
He tuke his harp/and on his breſt can hyng
Syne paſſit to the hevin, as ſais the fable
To ſeke his Wyf/bot that auailit no thing
Thy wadyng ſtrete he went but tarying
Syne come douñ throu the ſpere of ſaturn alo
Quhilk fader is of all thir ſternis calo

Quhen ſcho Was ſoucht out throu that calo regioñ
To Jupiter his grant ſir can he wend,
Quhilk reWit ſare his lamentatioñ
And gert his ſpere be ſoucht fra end to end
Scho Was noucht thare/than douñ he can deſcend
To mars the god of bataill, of ſtryf
And ſoucht his ſpere/yit gat he noucht his Wyf

Syne went he douñ to his fader phebus
God of the ſon Wyth bemes bry and clere
Bot quhen that he ſaW his ſone Orpheus
In ſik a plyte, it changit all his chere
He gert anoñ go ſeke throu all his ſpere
Bot all in Wayn that lady coñ noucht thare
Than tuke he leve/and to venus can fare

Quhen he hir law. he knelit and said thus
Wate ye nocht Wele. I am your awin trewe knȳ
In luke name lelare than sir Orpheus
And ye of luke goddesse/and most of mȳ
Off my lady help me to get a licht
For: luth quod icho, ye mon sche nethir mare
Than fra venus he tuke his leve but mare

To mercury but tary is he gone
Quhilk callit is the god of eloquence
Bot of his Wyf thare. knawlage gat he noñ
Wyth Wofull hert than passit he douñ fro thens
Onto the mone he maid na residence
Thus fra the hevyn he Went douñ to the erde
yit by the Way lum melody he herde

In his passage amang the planetis all,
he herd a hevynly melody, and sound
Passing all instrumentis musicall,
Cauld be rollyng of the spetis round
Quhilk armony throu all this mappamound
Quhill moving cesse vnyt perpetuall
Quhilk of this Warld pluto the saul can call

Thare lerit he tonys proportionate
As duplar triplar and emetricus
Enoleus and ethe the quadruplate
Epodyus rȳ hard and curius
And of thir sex suete and dilicius
Rygth consonant/fyve hevynly symphonyis
Componyt ar/as clerkis can deuise

Firſt dyatelleron full suete J Wis

And dyapaſon ſymple and duplycate
And dyapente componyt with a dys
This mak.v.of thre multiplicate
This mery muſik/and melifluate.
Complete and full wyth no wnnis od i eyn
Is cauſit be the moving of the heyn

Off ſik muſik to wryte I do bot dote
Thar fur at this mak a ſtra I lay
For in my lyf I fond ne wir ſyng a note
Bot I will tell how orpheus tuke the way
To ſeke his wyf atour the grauis gray
Hungry and cald our mony wilſum wane
Wyth outyn gyde, he and his harp allane

He paſſit furth the ſpace of xx. dayis
Fer and full ferther than I can tell
And ay he fand ſtretis and redy wayis
Tyll at the laſt vnto the yett of hell
He com, and thare he fand a portar fell
With thre heds was callit Cerberus
A hund of hell a monſter mervaillus

Than Orpheus began tobe agaſt
Quhen he beheld that vgly hellis hund
He tuke his harp, i on it playit faſt
Till at the laſt throu ſueetnes of the ſound
The dog ſlepit and fell vnto the ground
And Orpheus atour his wame in ſtall
And nethir mare he went as ye here ſall

Than come he till ane ryvir wond depe
Our it a brig/and on it liſteris thre

Quhilk had the entree of the brig to kepe,
Alecto/megera/and Theliphone
Turnand a quhele Was vgly for to ſee
And on it ſpred a man hecht ixione
Ro Wit about ꝝ Wonder Wo begone,

Than Orpheus playit a ioly ſpryng
The thre liſtirs full faſt thay fell on ſlepe
The vgly quhele ſellit of hir quhirlyng
Thus left Was noñ the entre for to kepe,
Than ixion out of the quhele can crepe
And ſtall a Way, than Orpheus anone
With out ſtoping atour the brig is gone

Syne come he till a Wonð griſely ſtuð
Drowbly and depe that rathly douñ can ryn
Quhare Tantalus nakit full thriſty ſtude
And yit the Wat yede abone his chyn
Touch he gapit thare Wald na drap cum in
Quhen he dul kit the Water Wald declenð
Thus gat he nought his triſt to ſlake no menð

Before his face ane apill hang alſo
faſt at his mouth apon a tolt threde
Quhen he gapit it roſkit to and fra
And fled/as it refuſit hym to fede
Than Orpheus had reuth of his grete nede
Tuke out his harp/and faſt on it can clink
The Wat ſtude/and Tantalus gat drink

Syne our a muire Wyth thornis chik & ſcharp
Weping allone a Wilſum Way he Went
And had nought be me theron ſuffrage of his harp

Wyth scharp pikis he had bene schorne & schent
And as he blent beside hym on the bent
He saw speidit a wond wofull wicht
Naillit full fast and Theseus he hicht

And on his breste thare sat a griesly gripe
Quhilk wyth his bill his bally throu can bore
Bath maw myddreid, herte lyr and trype
He ruggit out his paynis war the more
Quhen Orpheus saw hym this suffer sore
Has tane his harp, & maid suete melody
The grype is filed Theseus left his cry

Be yond this more he fand a ferefull strete
Wyth as the ny to pas ry dangerus
For flyones scant my he hald his fete
In quhilk thare was a stynk ry odious
That gydit hym to hydouse hellis house
Quhare rodomanthus & proserpina
Were king and quene/Orpheus in coud ga.

O dolly place and grondles depe dungeon
Furnes of fyre wyth stynk intollerable
Pit of dispair wyth out remissioun
Thy mete venym thy drinke is poysonable
Thy grete paynis to compt wes vnabil
Quhat creature clymys to duell in the
Is ay deyand/and neuir more may dee

Thare fand he mony carefull king & quene
Wyth crouin on hede of braile full hate birnand,
Quhilk in chair lyk ry mastirfull had bene
Conqueroun of gold richesse & eland

Ector of Troy, and Priam thare he fand
And Alexander for his wrang conqueſt
Anthiotus thare for his foule inceſt

Thare fand he Julius cesar, for his crueltee
And herode wyth his brotheris wyfe he lawe
And ſſero for his grete iniquitee
And pilot for his betyng of the lawe
Syne vnd that he lukit and cond knawe
Crelus the kyng noñ in thtiar on mold
For couatiſe yett full of byrnand gold

Thare fand he pharo, for oppreſſioñ
Off goddis folk, on quhilk the plagis fell
And Saul eke for the grete abuſioñ
Off iuſtice, to the folk of iſracll
Thare fand he Acab, and quene iesabell
Quhilk ſely nabot was a proppet trewe,
For his wyne yarde wyth outyn pitee ſlewe

Thare fand he mony pape, and cardinall
In haly kirk, quhilk dois abuſioñ
And biſchopis in thair pontificall
Be ſymony for wrang miniſtratioñ
Abbotis and men of all religioñ,
For euill diſponyng of thair placis rent
In flambe of fyre were bitterly turment

Syne nethir mare he went quhare pluto was,
And proſerpine, and thider ward he drewe
Ay playand on his harp as he coud pas
Till at the laſt Erudices he knewe,
Lene and dedelike pitouſe and pale of hewe

Ry warisch and wan: Wald wit as a wede
Hir lily lyre was lyke vnto the lede.

Quod he my lady leke/and my delyte
Full wa is me,to se yow changit thus
Quhare is thy rude as rose wyth cheikis quhite
Thy cristall eyne with blenkis amorouse
Thi lippis rede to kis dilicious
Ó scho as now I dar nought tell pfay
Bot ye sall wit the cause ane othir day

Quod pluto sir thouch scho be like añ elf
Thare is na cause to plenye/and for quhy.
Scho fure als wele dayly as did my self
Or king herode for all his cheualry
Jt is langour ỳ puttis hir in sik ply
Were scho at hame in hir contree of Trace
Scho wald refete full sone in fax: face

Than Orpheus before pluto sat doun
And in his handis quhite his harp can ta
And playit many suete proporcioñ
With base tonys in ypodorica
With gemynyng in ypolerica
Till at the last for reuth: grete pitee
Thay wepit sore that cond hym here and see

Than proserpyne and pluto bad hym as
His warisoñ and he wald all: ry nought
Bot licence wyth his wyf away to pas
Till his contree/that he so fer had sought
Quod proserpyne sen I hir hidir brought
We sall nought part bot wyth condicioñ

Quhe he thare to. J mak promissioñ.

Euridices than be the hand thou tak
And pas thy Way, bot vndirneth this payne
Gyf thou turnis or blenkis behind thy bak
We sall hir haue for euir till hell agayn
Thouch this Was hard/yit Orpheus Was layn
And on thai Went talkand of play and sport
Quhill thay almaist coñ to the vtt port

Thus orpheus Wyth in Wart lufe replete
So blyndit Was in grete affectioñ
Penlik apon his Wyf and lady suete
Remebrit nouche his hard condicioñ
Quhat Will ye more in schort conclusioñ
He blent bak Ward ¶ pluto coñ anoñ
And vnto hell agayn With hir is gone.

Allace Jt Was ry grete hertsare to here
Of Orpheus the Weping and the Wo
Quhen that his Wyf/quhilk he had bocht so dere
Bot for a luke sa sone Was hynt hym fra
Flatlyngis he fell, ¶ my no forthir ga
And lay a quhile in suouñ and extasy
Quhen he our come thus out on lute can cry

Quhat art thou lufe/how tall J the dyffyne,
Wikit and suete cruel and merciable
Pleland to sum/til othir playnt ¶ pyne
To sum constant/till othir variabil
Hard is thy law/thi bandis vnbreikable
Quha seruis the/thouch he be neuir sa treWe
Perchance sum tyme, he sall haue cause to reWe

Now hynd J wele. this proverbe trew gō he
Hert is on the hurd/and hand is on the lare
Quhare luke gois on forle turnis the ee
J am expert and wo is me thar fore
Bot for a luke/my lady is forlore
Thus chydand on. with luke our burn ⁊ bent
A wofull wedow hame wart is he went

Moralitas fabule sequitur

LO worthy folk/moete that senature
To wryte this feynit fable tuke in cure
In his gay buke of consolacion.
For oure doctryne/and gude instructiōn
Quhilk in the self suppose it feyneit be
And hid vnder the cloke of poetie
yit maister tro wit doctour Nicholas
Quhilk in his tyme a noble theolog was
Applyis it to gude moralitee
Ry full of frute/and seriolitee
Faire phebus is the god of sapience.
Caliopee his wyf is eloquence.
Thir twa maryit gat orpheus belyve
Quhilk callit is the part intellectiue
Of mānis saule in vnder standing free
And sepate fra sensualitee
Erudices is oure affectiōn
Be fantasy oft movit vp ⁊ doun
Quhile to reson it callis the delyte
Quhile to the flesch settis the appetite
Aresteyns this bird that cond plewe
Erudices/is nocht bot gude verte we
Quhilk bely is ay/to kepe oure myndis clene

Bot quhen we flee out thron the medo w grene
Fra vertu/ to this Warldis Wayn plelance
Wyngit Wyth care/and full of variance.
The ſerpent ſtangis that is dedely ſyn
That poyſons the ſaule Wyth out / in
And than is dede / eke oppreſſit doun
To Warldly luſt all oure affection
Than pfyte reſon Wepis Wondir ſare
Se and oure appetite thruſgate myſ fare.
And paſſis vp to the hevyn belyue
Scha Wand till vs the lyf contemplatyve.
The pfyte Will and als the feruent luſe
We ſuld haue al Way to the hevyn abuſe
Bot ſeldyn thare oure appetite is found
It is ſo faſt in to the body bound
Thar for doun Wart We call oure myndis ee
Blyndit Wyth luſt/and may noucht vpWard flee
Suld oure deſyre be ſoucht vp in the ſperis.
Quhen it is tedit/on this Warldis breris
Quhile on the fleſch/quhile on this Warldis Wrak
And to the hevyn ſmall entent We tak
Sir Orpheus thou ſeiſis all in vayn
Thy Wyf ſo hie/thar for cū doun agayn
And pas vnto yon monſtir mernaitus
With thre hedis that We call Cerberus.
Quhilk feynit is, to haue ſa mony hedis
For to betakyn thre manir of dedis
The firſt is in the tend yong barnage
The ſecund dede is in the medil age
The thrid is, in grete elde quhen men ar tane,
Thus Cerberus to Welly ſparis nane
Bot quhen that reſon and intelligence
Plais apon the harp of eloquence

That is to say, makis persuasioun
To draw oure will, and oure affectioun
In euiry elde fra syn/and foule delyte
This dog oure saule has no power to byte
The secund monstris ar the sisteris thre
Alecto Megera, and Thesiphone
Ar noucht ellis in bukis as we rede
Bot wickit thoucht evill word & fra wart dede,
Alecto is the boinyng of the hert
Megera is the wikkit word out wert
Thesiphone is operacioun
That makis fynal execucioun
Of deidly syn, & thir thre turnis ay
Ane vgly quhele is noucht ellis to say
That wardly men sum tyme ar callin hie
Apon the quhele/in grete prosperitee
And wyth a quhirl vnwarly or that witte
Ar thrawin doun to pure & law estate
Of ilkone that in the quhele was spred
I sall the tell sum pt as I haue red
He was on lyve brukle & lecherous
And in that craft hardy and curageous
That he wald noucht lufe in na la war place
Bot Juno, quene of nature & goddace
And on a day he went vp in the sky.
Set: and Juno thinkand with hir te.,
Scho sawe hym cum and knew his full entent
A rany cloud doun fra the firmament
Scho gert descend, and betuene thaim twa
And in that cloud his nature yede hym fra
Of quhilk was geint the Centaurs
Half man half horse apon a ferly wyse
Than for the inward crabbing and offense

That Juno tuke for his grete violence
Scho send hym doun vnto the listeris thre
Apon thair quhele ay turnyt for tobe
Bot quhen that reloun and intelligence
Playis apon the harp of conscience
That is to say, the grete sollicitude
Quhile vp quhile doun to Wyn this Warldis gud
Cellis, furth With and oure complexioun
Wayis quiete in contemplacioun
This Tantalus of quham J spak of are
Quhill he lyvit he Was a gay hosslare
And on a mȳ com traualand thare by
The god of riches/and tuke herbery
Wyth Tantalus/and he to the soupere
Sle We his aWin sone/that Was hym left i dere
In till a sele Wyth spicis sodyn Wele
And gert the god ete vp his fleich ilk dele
For this despyte quhen he Was dede anon,
Was dam pnyt in the flude of Acheron
To suffer hunger thrist nakit & cald
Rȳ Wo begone/as J before hane tald.
This hungry man and thrifty Tantalus
Betakenis men gredy and couatouse
The god of riches that ar ay redy
For to rellaue/and call in herbery
And to tham self the thair sone in pecis smale
That is thair fleich and blude Wyth grete trauale
To fill the bag and neWir fynd in thair hart
Apon tham self to spend/na tak thair part
Allace in erd quhare is thare mare foly
Than for to Want i haue haboundantly
To haue distresse on bak and bed/and burde
And spare till othir men/of gold a hurde

And in the nȳ ſlepe ſoundly may thai nouche
To gader gere ſa gredy is thair thoucht
Bot quhen that reſoũ and intelligence
Playis apon the harp of eloquence
That is to ſay, gottyn With grete laboure
Kepit With drede/and tynt is With doloure
This auarice be grace quha vnder ſtuꝺ
I troW ſuld leve thair grete ſolicitude
And Jthand touchetis/and thair beſynes
Go gaꝺ goꝺ and ſyne lyve in diſtres
Bot he ſuld drink inouch quhen eWir hym liſt
Of conatiſe/and ſlake the birnand thriſt
This Theleus lay nailit on the bent
And Wyth the grype his boWellis rybin and rent
Quhill he hyit ſett his entencioũ
To fynd the craft of diuinacioũ
And lerit it vnto the ſpamen all
To tell before ſik thingis as Waló fall
Quhát lyf/quhat dede/quhat deſtyny ; Weró
Pre vidit Were to eWery man in erde
Apollo than for his abuſioũ
Quhilk is the god of diuinacioũ
For he vſurpit in his faculte
Put hym till hell/and thare remanis he
Bot Orpheus has Won Eurdices
Quhen oure deſire Wyth reſoũ makis pes
And ſekis vp to contemplacioũ
Off lyn deteſtand the abuſioũ
Bot ilk man ſuld be War ; Wiſely ſee
That he bakWart caſt nought his ruyndis ee
Se vand conſent/and dilectacioũ
Off Wardly luſt for the affectioũ
For than gois bakWart to the tyn agayn

Oure appetite as It before Was slayn
In Warldly lust and sensualitee
And makis reson wedow for to be
Now pray We god sen oure affection
Is alway prompt & redy to fall doun
That he wald help vs Wyth his haly hand
Of mane temance/and geve vs grace to stand
In pfyte lufe/as he is glorius.
And thus endis the tale of Orpheus

Me ferlyis of this grete confusion
I Wald sum clerk of cōyng Walde declerde
Quhat gerris this Warld be turnyt vp so doun.
Thare is na faithfull fastnes founde in erd
Now ar nought thre may traistly trow the ferde
Welth is away and Wit is Worthin Wrynkis
Now sele is forow/this is a Wofull Werde
Sen Want of Wyse men makis fulis to sit on dinkis

That tyme quhen the lovit king Saturnus
For gudely gouernance this Warld Was goldin cald.
For vntreuth We Wate nought quhare to it turnis
The tyme that Octouian the monarch cowd hald
Our all Was pes Wele set as hertis Wald.
Than regnyt reule & reson held his rynk.
Now lakkis prudence nobilitee is thrald.
Sen Want of Wyse men makis fulis to sitt on dynkis.

Arestotill for his moralitee
Anstyn or ambrose for dyvine scripture
Quha can placebo & nought halff dirige
That practik for to pike & pill the pure
He sall cum in & thay stand at the doure

For Warldly Wyrſſip Walkis quhen Wyſar Wynk?
Wit takis na Worſſhip lik is the auenture
Sen Want of Wyſe men makis fulis to ſitt on binkis,

Now but defenſe ỹ lyis all deſolate
Ỹ na reſoñ vnder na rufe has reſt
youth his but raddour ⁊ age is obſtynate
Wỳ but mercy the pore ar all oppreſt
Ierit folk ſuld tech the peple of the beſt
Thouch lare be lytill ſer leſſe in tham ſinkis
It may nought be this Warld ay thus ſuld leſt
That Want of Wyſe mẽ makis fulis ſitt on binkis

For now is exilde all ald noble corage
Lautee iuſe and liberalitee
Now is ſtabilitee fundyn in na ſtage
Nor degeſt conſele Wyth lad maturitee
Peas is away all in pplexitee
Prudence and policy ar banyſt our al brinkis
This Warld is ver ſa may it callit be,
That Want of wiſe men makis fulis ſitt on brinkis

Quhare is the balance of iuſt ⁊ equitee
Nathir meryt is preſſit na punyſſis treſpas,
All leois lyis in Wyles at libertee
Nought reulit be reſon mare than or or aſſe
Gude faith is flemyt vvorthin fracliar than glas
Treyſoune is lauñ, ⁊ lautee halois no hynkis
Sik gouuernance I call nought vvorth a taſſe
Sen vvant of vviſe mẽ makis fulis ſitt on binkis

O lord of lordis god ⁊ gouuernour
Makar ⁊ movar bath of mare ⁊ leſſe

Quhais power Wisedome & honoure
Is infynite lathe & eWir Was Wes
As in the principall mencion of thy merle
All thir layd thingis reform as thou best thinkis
Quhilk ar degradit for pure pitee rebelle
Sen Want of Wise makis fle in binkis